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Numb. 4.

Heraclitus Ridens.

At a DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST*, Concerning the *TIMES*.

From Tuesday, August the 10th, to Saturday the 14th. 1703.

Jest. I See you are punctual, and I hope come resolv'd to be as big as your Word. Do Matters run merrily? Have you got any thing in your Budget to make *Heraclitus* Laugh at? He has been in his old Fit ever since we met last, and we had no sooner parted, but out burst his Tears by Buckets-full. Pri'thee think of some Expedient, some Styptick or other, to stop this Flux of Salt Water, or we shall never reach the End we design'd, at our first setting up this Paper.

Earnest. What would you have me do? Take up the Trade of our Modern News-Writers, that for want of a Mail, consult their Invention, and make News, when they find it not ready made to their Hands? No, no, that will bring us into as little Esteem as they are brought into.

Jest. Esteem, say you? The Sale of their Papers, shews they are in Repute enough. There's nothing to be done at the Coffee-Houses without them, and they maintain their Reputation in a Place where other Peoples Reputations are frequently bought and sold.

Earnest. This is nothing to the purpose—— We are to make our Interest with the Wise and Good. Every Fellow that seeks after a Tale to turn Politician by, is none of the Men that are to Befriend us. Those that Assert the Royal Prerogative against the Sovereignty of the People; Those that are for Church Discipline, and undiminishing the Ceremonies; Those that Byas their Affections by their Reason, that can give a good Account of their Zeal, and measure not the Justice of a Cause by the multitude of its Adherents; Those are the People we are to get in with. As for the contrary Party, they are of no Value with me, whatever they may set upon themselves; and whether they frequent *Garraway*'s, or *Jonathan*'s, whether they come to *Old Man*'s, or *Dick*'s Coffee-House, I shall never be for making one amongst 'em.

Jest. At this rate our Bookseller must Drink Small Beer, instead of going to the *Dog* upon *Ludgate-Hill*, with the rest of his Brethren. Come, come, pluck up your Courage, Man, Why should not you have the Spirit of *Conversion* as well as some Body else? Who knows but if you worm your self into their Acquaintance, things may have a much better Aspect. Proselytes may come over to us in Shoals. You have heard of a late sort of Miracle, I suppose!

Earnest. Not I, truly—— Miracles are Ceas'd—— Unless such as the Famous *Ben. Johnson*'s, where a Lawyer Dies an *Honest Man*, and a Physician behaves himself Conscienciously, by taking no Fees from one that he can do no Good to! But these are things of an extraordinary Nature, and scarce happen in an Age. Prithee, what is it?

Jest. Only one of the most Eminent Conversions you ever heard of, thanks to Mr. *Observator* for it. He shall be a Red Letter'd Man in *Partridge*'s Almanack, that he shall; and that *Poetical Shoemaker* must give three or four Couplets in his Commendation, or he will do him the highest Injustice.

Earnest. I long to know wherefore; Honest *John* must have something to go upon, or the Muse will shrink her Neck out of Collar. His Invention is not over Fruitful, tho' he can play at Crambo tollerably well, and knows how to chime the Bells, at the same time that he has the greatest Aversion for the Steeple. Some *Jew* or other, I dare Swear, that has a mind to get into an Office, and have Money stick to his Fingers after a *Christian* Manner. The *Observator*, say you? I should have thought of him the last of any Man breathing, for a Propagator of Religion.

Jest. 'Tis even so—— You may say what you will--- He has told you, That his *Pagan* Papers have the Efficacy and Force of *Sacred Writs*. Read the last *Observator*—— There it is, and will acquaint you, that what I have told you is true to a Tittle.

Earnest. Heraclitus must laugh now, it's impossible for the Old Gentleman to continue in his Dumps any longer. *You have Converted a* Papist *to the* Protestant *Faith*, says the *Countryman*. I shall burst—— This *Stephen Rous* is a wise Fellow to desire one that is not of the Church of *England*, to tell the World that he Embraces the Doctrines of it. I am loath to say, that the Thirty odd Pounds in his Customers Box had any Influence over him. But every one knows, that has Guts in his Brains, such a Sum is of more weight than the *Observator*'s Arguments. Poor Man, if he can give no other Reason for his Conversion, than can be drawn from his Weekly Papers, he might have continued where he was, for all the Be-

nefit

nefit we ſhall receive by it. The Man that writes this Paper, is a *Diſſenter*, whoſe Father was a *Presbyterian* Parſon in the Iſle *Wight*, and as the Papiſts in former Days, (and even now continue the ſame Practice) were wont to boaſt of the Numbers of their Proſelytes, ſo the Diſſenters have now taken up the ſame Trade, and have no other Argument to make uſe of in Defence of their Abſenting themſelves from our Communion, than the Multitude of Fools that are drawn away by a Sanctify'd Look, and a pretended Apoſtolical Countenance. All their Primitive Chriſtianity lies in an Old Faſhion'd Behaviour, adapted to the Tune of Forty One, and the *Good Old Cauſe*. Not that this Victualer, whom he pretends by main Strength to have pull'd within the Pale of the Church, is one of 'em; or in the leaſt made what he is, by the Aſſiſtance of the *Gentleman* that Arrogates the Divine Operations upon his Soul, to himſelf. Mr. *Rous's Renunciation* tells you to the contrary, That his *Mind was Enlightned by the Eſpecial Providence and Grace of God.* Which is a Contradiction in Expreſs Terms to what he affirms in his Paper concerning himſelf.

Jeſt. True. Certainly thisMan would be thought of the Privy Council to the *Divinity* — And the Omnipotent Being that turneth us like the Rivers of Water whereſoever he pleaſes, had not work'd this Work without being put in mind of it by his Papers, or he would aſcribe that Glory to God, which he has the Impudence to take to himſelf.

Earneſt. I profeſs it mightily goes againſt me to deſcend ſo low as to take Notice of this Preſumptuous Fellow, but the Neceſſity of the Times requires it, otherwiſe he might Scribble on for the Cooks and Grocers, and be of Uſe to the Tobacconiſts as long as he pleas'd. There are thoſe that believe every word he ſays, and take his Aſſertions for the Product of an Oracle; Therefore I think I am oblig'd to make it my Buſineſs, to undeceive thoſe that are prejudic'd, and (tho' he thanks God with the Phariſee, that he is no Sinner like other Men) to detect him in his Falſities, and make appear, that tho' he quotes ſome Law, all that he ſays is not Goſpel.

Jeſt. This would be to the Purpoſe, prove him in an Untruth, and you will leſſen the Belief of thoſe he ſhall tell his Stories to for the future.

Earneſt. Here's a Letter that came to a Gentleman who is acquainted with my Printer, will make him appear in his true Colours. *Crimine ab uno diſce omnes*——From this one Man know the Nature of his Party. If you remember this Day three Weeks, on *July* the 24th, there was mention made of the Miniſter of *Gatcomb* in the Iſle of *Wight*'s dying in the *Romiſh* Faith, and that a Paper was read at his Funeral, written by his own hand, and publiſh'd at his own deſire, wherein he (ſaid he) departed this Life in the Faith and Communion of *Rome*.

Jeſt. I remember it particularly well——For I was much concern'd at it; and look'd upon it to be a great Blemiſh to the Miniſtry of the Church of *England*. Is it not true then? Has he a knack of making Papiſts of Churchmen, as a *Roman Catholick* of an Ale-Draper.

Earneſt. You will find by the Sequel, and are to obſerve there was ſomething more meant by that odious Uncharitable Relation than is obvious at firſt Sight. All the whole Body of the Church of *England* Clergy were ſtruck at in it, eſpecially thoſe who are ſo unhappy as not to take the *Oaths* to the Government, it brands 'em with the Name of *Papiſt*, and writes in their Forehead, that they are mark'd out for Slaughter and Perſecution: How well they deſerve it, let the following Letter make you determine.

Dear Sir,

YOur's came to my Hands with the *Obſervator* for Saturday *the* 24*th of* July *laſt paſt, and I would have anſwer'd it ſooner, but was willing to make thoſe Enquiries firſt, which are neceſſary for Accounts of this Nature. The Reſult of which is that the Reverend Mr.* Edw. Worſley *was the Son of a Father* (*Sir* Edward) *who has left behind him a Name Famous for Religion and Loyalty, and ſpent a great Part of his Eſtate in Defence of that Bleſſed Martyr King* Charles *the Firſt, and was forc'd to fly his Country, for endeavouring to free Him from his Impriſonment in* Carisbrook *Caſtle in the Iſle of* Wight. *I need not tell you that he was Bred at* Edmond Hall *in* Oxford; *that he was always look'd upon there as a good Scholar and Proteſtant. In ſhort, he was Preſented by his Father to the Rectory of* Gatcomb, *and Officiated there, to his Pariſhioners great Satisfaction as well as Inſtruction, till it pleas'd God to bring about the late Revolution, when he choſe to loſe All to Preſerve a Good Conſcience. Accordingly he refus'd withdrawing from his Allegiance to K.* James, *flung up his Living, which he deſir'd might be given to a Gentleman of good Learning, and a ſtrict Life and Converſation, one Mr.* Goldſmith, *without reſerving any of the Profits of it to Himſelf, or being* Silenc'd (*as the Fellow, whoſe Paper you have ſent me*) *would malicioufly infer. But tho' he left Preaching, he did not leave off doing Good, he continued Feeding the Hungry, and Cloathing the Naked; and as God had enabled him beyond many of the Non-juring Clergy, he apply'd what he had to Charitable Uſes. As an Inſtance of which; There was a poor Honeſt Woman in his Neighbourhood, that was in a Starving Condition, whom he gave a Handſom Penſion to Teach the Young Children of the Pariſh to read their Catechiſm, &c. and bring 'em up forward in wholeſome Inſtructions, according to the Doctrine of the Church Eſtabliſh'd. This he did to his Dying-Day; and its very odd in my Opinion, that a Gentleman of the* Romiſh *Perſwaſion ſhould be ſuch a Zealous Propagator of another Opinion. His Father died ſome time ſince, and left him his Executor, which Office he diſcharg'd with the Greateſt Integrity. What remains is, That he departed this Life for a better, in the Profeſſion of the Holy Catholick Faith, I mean that of the Church of* England, *receiv'd the Sacrament from the Hands of a Miniſter that belong'd to it, and has left behind him no ſuch Paper, as the Obſervator you ſent me makes mention of, but ſuch a Memory as the Perſon that villainouſly inſults his Aſhes, will never be Maſter of of*

Yours, *&c.*

Newport in the Iſle of Wight. Aug. 3. 1703.

BODLEIANA

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